

## Are You "High Waisted"?

You Can Turn This Construction of Your Figure to Good Advantage—Margery Wells Tells You How—On This Page To-Morrow.

## At Last We Have a GUIDE BOOK TO WOMEN And Written by a Man

James James Describes Them—Short-Legged Biped, Shaped Like Barrels—Untamable Tigers—Mixture of Angel, Devil, Cat, Hen, Friend, Vampire, Mother, Sphinx—and the Eternal Unexpected.

By Ruth Snyder.

If you were a woman and were suddenly to see before your eyes a book entitled "Guide Book to Women," would you not be curious? And suppose that book was written by a man? Wouldn't you be anxious to read that book to find out what a mere man had to say about a subject so varied, so intricate and perhaps so dangerous?

And I, being a woman, decided to investigate and found the picture mirrored in this book by Mr. James James bizarre and ridiculous. We see the reflection of women apparently through a much cracked and ditty mirror and the effect is to long for a cleaner and newer glass.

"Curious, isn't it?" mocks the author, "that though there are guide books to everything else on earth there are no guide books to the most interesting thing in the world, Woman. There is not even a correct timetable of the day."

"What a man doesn't know about women would fill volumes—at least it fills this volume. For it is generally admitted that the ignorance of a woman is appalling—when, of course, is a bit of luck for women."

Thus quotes the fly-leaf. But as you go further into this land of Woman, traveling on Mr. James's caravan, we discover the mirage which has been painted to lead us on.

The author declares that when we speak of women we mean "the beautiful, the graceful, the charming, the useful faces and appealing eyes and the curving, but not too curving, figure, and the mouth that mutely asks to be kissed and the body that seems to lack the support of our arms. Women mean the low neck and the short skirts, and all between these two degrees of latitude—especially in these days when there is so much latitude. Women mean youth and freshness and charm, and just a discreet hint of wickedness."

BUT—this is the way the author pictures women:

"Woman is a short-legged biped. . . . In woman the greatest danger is some degree below her equator, though there are exceptions who show more latitude in their northern hemisphere. A barrel is not a particularly alluring object, but it is to this general shape, including for the present her various bumps, that she approximates. Yet no one objects to the shape of a barrel when it is full of beer, and the students of the sex should bear in mind that the other barrel is full of woman."

But, he argues, "what does it matter whether woman is beautiful or not, as long as she is there to kiss? And no woman was ever ugly when she was being kissed. Then, husbands, keep on kissing her. Mr. James has treated women from the standpoint of beauty, of dress, of work, of brains, of religion, of jobs, and has ventured to differentiate her type."

Some of his plainly meant to be witticisms are quoted below:

"The most important discovery yet recorded about woman is that she does not mean half what she looks like and does not mean anything she says."

"Woman says, 'Don't bother about looking at sunsets or rainbows. Look at me!' and man does, and he likes it."

"There is a fortune awaiting the man who invents a postage stamp that will stick on a woman's back to a bare patch of skin so that it won't come unglued after a whole evening's jangling."

"In the main man's judgment of a woman's frock is right. Man may not know about the details, but he knows about the effect. And he notices that the majority of women, no matter how smartly gowned they are, do not get the right effect."

"Woman is the eternal Bolshevik, the sullen, sleek, untamable tiger roaming through the jungles of civilization, waving her sinuous tail invitingly in the air and purring sweetly, 'Chase me!' And we do—and it gives us an appetite."

"The modern man has at least a dozen pockets in his suit; he carries around with him a pencil, a fountain pen, a pocketbook or purse, a knife, a handkerchief, a corkscrew, a pipe, a watch, keys, matches, bills, check stamps, love letters, a card case and a cigarette case. . . . But it is important to note that modern woman does not want to carry these things. She has provided for man. She goes valiantly through life armed with a lipstick and a powder compact. And as a tribute to woman's ingenuity and resource, what a lot she can do with these trivial weapons."

"Modern man is not made in heaven; they are made haphazard. Your soulmate may be patiently waiting for you at the other side of the world, or he may be a hundred years ago. But if you don't meet him you take some body else, somebody handy. . . . A dozen assorted men would suit any woman for a husband—though possibly not all the whole dozen at once."

"Woman does not want to vamp, and even if she has inclinations that way, she does not want to be an immoral job to let a man, but she does not drink or other devils. She runs him by marriage. It is a much more satisfying and a much more complete method of running a man."

"Woman's brain has made her the supreme chatterbox."

"Woman's sole (soul) is smaller than man's, and of a different shape. It is not so wide in the tract, and is much more pointed. It is much thinner than a man's and consequently it wears out much sooner. And it never really keeps out the end of the journey and Mr. James sums up Woman. 'What is she?' he asks, 'Angel? Animal? Comrade? Devil? Hen? Sphinx? Fool? Friend? Vampire?'

### Going Down

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DEAR DOUBTER: If you would be happy and successful, lose yourself in some great work that benefits the whole and see what the result is. Remember Emerson: "To accomplish anything excellent, the will must work for catholic and universal ends."

So long as you work for yourself, you pay yourself small wages; but when you work for all, ALL PAY YOU.

Change your paymaster.

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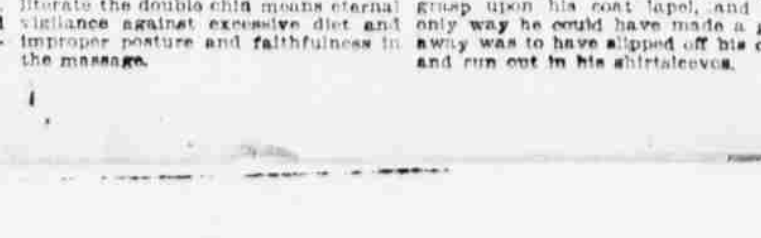
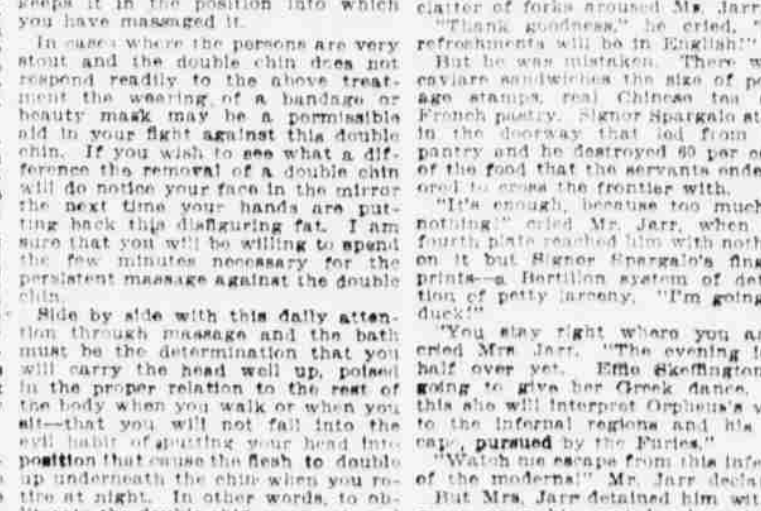
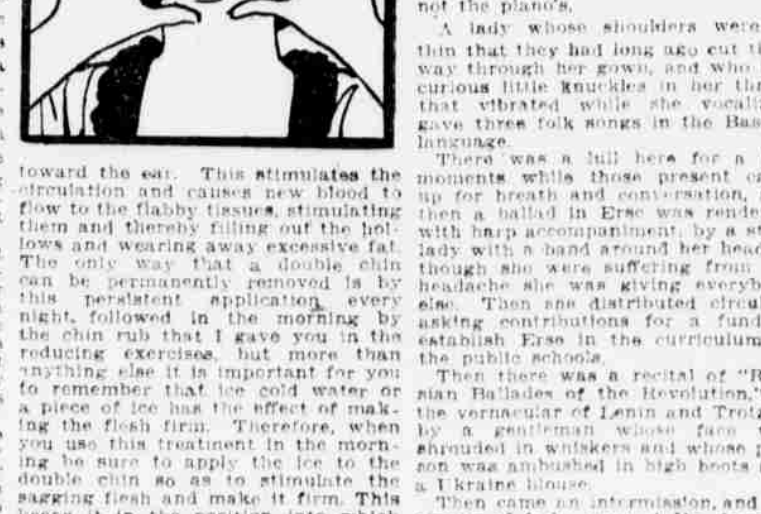
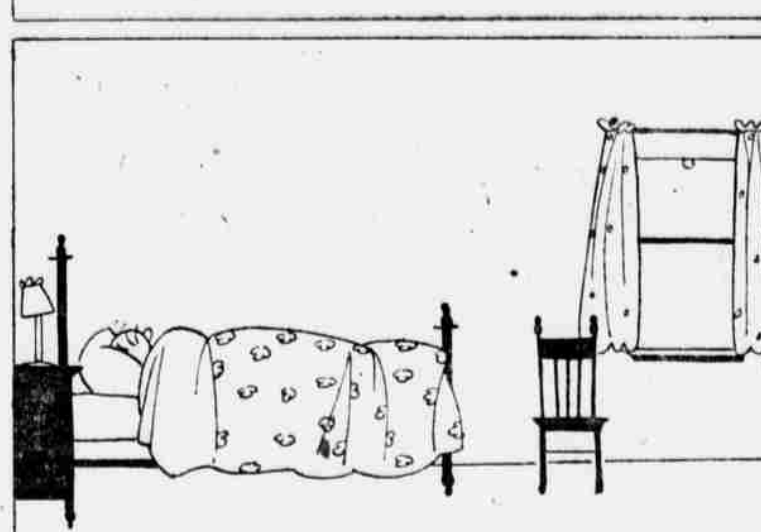
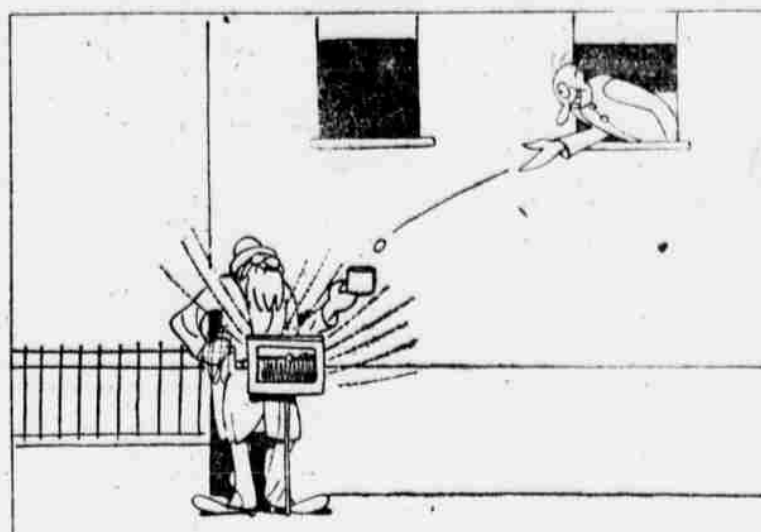
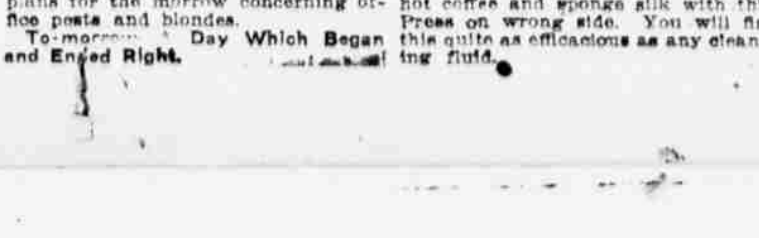
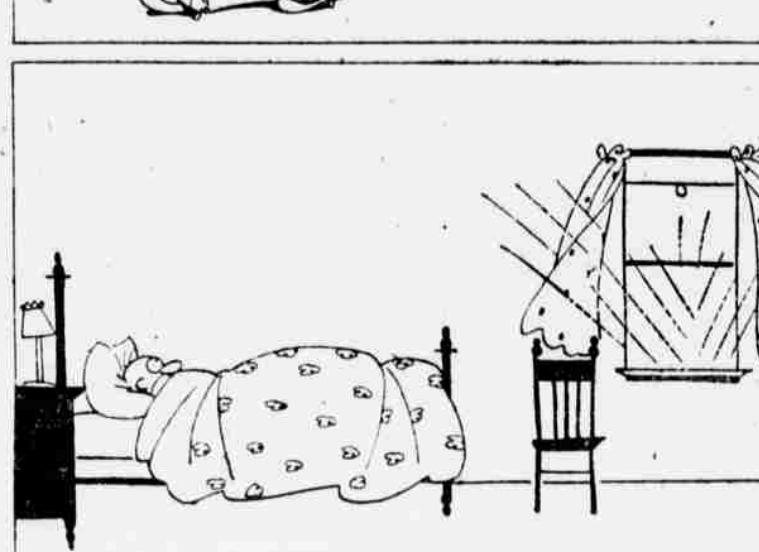
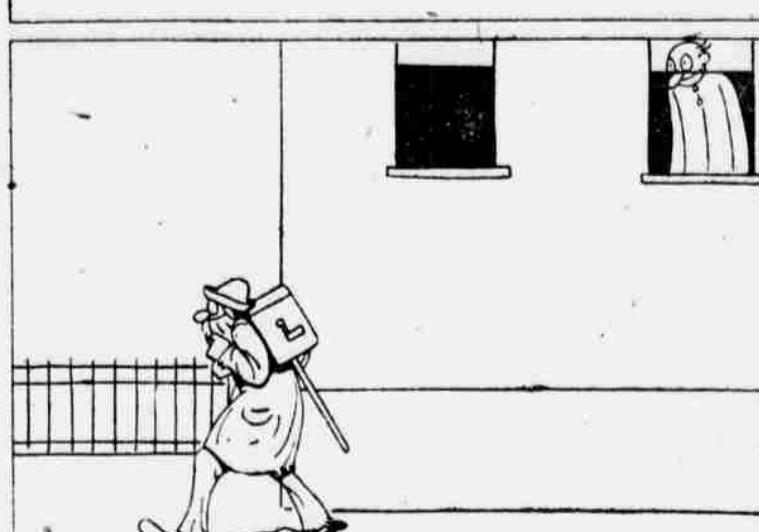
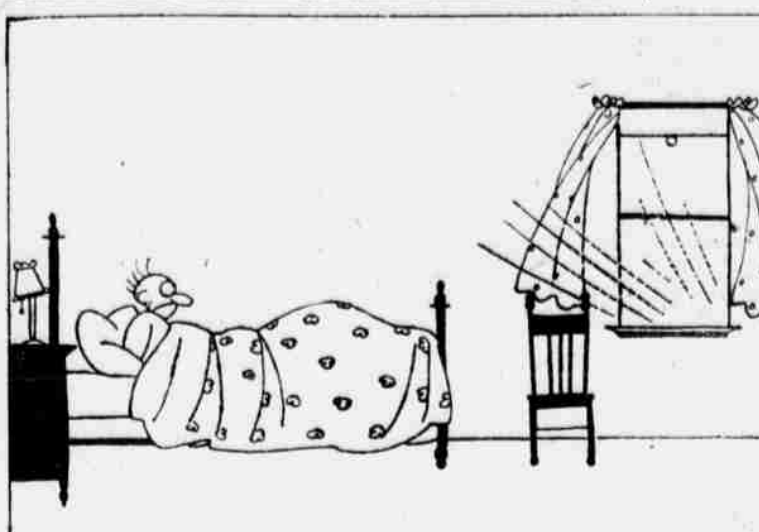
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## The Day of Rest

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By Maurice Ketten



## Newly Married?

Neal O'Hara's Next Humorous Article Will Describe the "First Year" of Married Life—Watch for It—You'll Appreciate Every Line.

## Who's Who Now

Nation's Real Big Guns Aren't All in the Blue Book

Celebrities May Have the Brains, but Janitor, Coal Man et al. Are the Works

By Neal R. O'Hara.

SERVICE we are getting now proves this is a democracy. Merchant princes, corporation barons and professorial dukes may land in glossy pages of "Who's Who." That is their right and privilege. But if you want to know just who's who now, regardless of dough and honorary degrees, then scan this list of cocky menials. Correct to mid-night, Nov. 11, 1921, Eastern standard time.

**TARZAN SKIPPIT**, your janitor. Born—lazy. Educated—by luck. Officious career—Served in lower house, 1903-06; served in basement, 1907-12; sub-cellar, 1913-18; promoted to janitor's chair, 1919. Won decisions over Ellsworth Meek by knockout; over Eric Blump by throw-out, and over numerous other complainants by eviction. Co-author of "Keep the Home Fires Burning, but Not Till After Dec. 15." Inventor

of the artificial steam-pipe rattle and the 24-hour loaf. Holder of the no-stop swearing record. Degrees—50 to 45 above zero in winter weather.

**NELLIE ROURKE**, your cook. Born—Independent. Educated on the installment plan. Author of "Soups and Nuts I Have Served," "How to Make a Fried Egg Black and White" and "Five Hundred Good Reasons for Leaving the Mistress' Flat." Working model for Cook's travels. Holds international record of giving two weeks' notice 26 times in one year. Inventor of non-skid waffles, late breakfasts and extra hours off. Also author of her own recommendations. Has served in the House of Representatives, bankers' merchants, doctors, lawyers and in many other houses. Won decisions over grocers, garbage men, ice men butchers, boss of the house and cup on the beat. Permanent address—none.

**LUCIAN MGOOSH**, your milkman. Born—crying over spilled milk. Raised—from \$14 to \$48 a week, 1919. Educated—Public School No. 156, Milk Route No. 277. Post-graduate course in Grades A and B. Fraternity affiliations—The Milk Men's Walking Out Club. Author of "Oh, How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning." Invented the backdoor system for walking up customers. Public service record—Went out on strike, 1921.

**GERTIE SNIPP**, your telephone operator. Born—after delay of fifteen minutes. Education—so-called by mistake. Author of "I'll Ring Them Again," "They Don't Answer" and other popular everyday fiction. Holds non-stop record for ringing wrong numbers. Also holder of record for non-return of nickels, dimes and quarters. Invented the voice with the smile. Try and get it.

**OTIS VRIMP**, your coal dealer. Born—under weight. Educated by mail from Scranton and Wilkes-Barre. Author of the table of short weights and crooked measures. Discovered the 1,800-pound ton in 1916. Discovered that slate was coal in 1918. Discovered that customers would stand for it same year. Invented slogan of "Penny a pound profit" for coal dealers. Author of "Coal is High on Account of Freight Rates," "Coal is High on Account of Drivers' Salaries," "Coal is High on Account of Miners' Wages," "Coal is High on Account of Winter Weather," "Coal is High on Account of Pumping Water From the Mines," and other high class fiction in the High Coal series. Has been in Congress twice—for investigation and cross-examination. Won the Congressional Medal of Valor for nerve and coolness under fire.

**ANSWERS.** 1. California; 2. raccoon; 3. Concomit; 4. Brazil; 5. carbon dioxide; 6. Brockton, Mass.; 7. three; 8. Pan-American; 9. Gen. Joseph Warren; 10. Alaska.

"No, you stay here till Edna Skiffington dances. She's upstairs now taking off her clothes," began Mr. Jarr, seating himself with his first show of interest in the orgies of the evening. "I don't mean what you mean," said Mrs. Jarr. "She will wear a drape of chiffon. But she does dance bare-legged."

"Well, I can stand it," murmured Mr. Jarr. "But now, remember, Mr. Jarr, the next is to be Ballads of Brittany, in the Boston language," replied Mrs. Jarr.

"And then?"

"Oh, Mrs. Jarr, Tarragon, and Percy Pinkfinger, who just played the Hungarian rhapsody, will play 'Thus Spake Zarathustra.' Richard Strauss's tone poem for four hands."

Mr. Jarr gazed but fought no more against fate.

"I'll stay, but remember I am on a hunger strike," he murmured feebly. "I have had nothing but ear food since we got here, and there's no nourishment in it!"

There was a hush here for a few moments while those present came to flow to the flabby tissues, stimulating them and thereby filling out the hollows and wearing away excessive fat. The only way that a double chin can be permanently removed is by this persistent application of every night, followed in the morning by the chin rub that I gave you in the reducing exercise, but more than anything else it is important for you to remember that ice cold water or a piece of ice has the effect of making the flesh firm. Therefore, when you use this treatment in the morning be sure to apply the ice to the double chin so as to stimulate the sagging flesh and make it firm. This keeps it in the position into which you have massaged it.

In cases where the persons are very stout and the double chin does not respond readily to the above treatment the wearing of a bandage or beauty mask may be a permissible aid in your fight against this double chin. If you wish to see what a difference the removal of a double chin will do to your face in the mirror the next time your hands are putting back this disgusting fat, I am sure that you will be willing to spend the few minutes necessary for the persistent massage against the double chin.

Slide by slide with this daily attention through massage and the bath must be the determination that you will carry the head well up, poised in the proper relation to the rest of the body when you walk or when you sit—that you will not fall into the evil habit of slumping your head into position that causes the flesh to double up underneath the chin when you rub at night. In other words, to rub into the double chin means eternal vigilance against excessive diet and improper posture and faithfulness in the massage.

"You stay right where you are," cried Mrs. Jarr. "The evening is half over yet. Edna Skiffington is going to give her Greek dance. In this she will interpret Ophelia's visit to the infernal regions and his escape, pursued by the Furies."

"Watch me escape from this inferno of the moderns!" Mr. Jarr declared. "But Mrs. Jarr detained him with a group upon his coat lapel, and the only way he could have made a getaway was to have slipped off his coat and run out in his shirt-tail.

Another bad habit is to nurse the baby for an indefinite length of time. Never lie down for a nap with baby at the breast. The nap may consume

an hour or more. Baby does and suckles, overloading his stomach, then is wakeful, cross and fretful through the night.

He must not be permitted to nurse longer than fifteen minutes at each sitting, because the capacity of his stomach is very small.

At birth baby's stomach holds but 1-1/2 to 2 ounces; at three months, 4-6 ounces; at six months, 6 ounces; at one year, 8 ounces. Therefore the hours of feeding must be carefully regulated as follows:

Age	Feeding Intervals	Number of Feedings	Number of Hours
At birth	Every 2 hours	12	24 hours
1 to 3 months	Every 3 hours	8	24 hours
3 to 6 months	Every 4 hours	6	24 hours
6 to 12 months	Every 5 hours	5	24 hours
12 to 24 months	Every 6 hours	4	24 hours

Many women will object to omitting the night feeding, but this is not only required by the mother to insure her rest and undisturbed sleep, but to keep the milk in as liquid a state as is necessary for its proper digestion. Milk that is too solid causes colic.

## The Heart of a Girl

Copyright, 1921, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)

By Caroline Crawford

Which Man Will Peggy Choose for a Husband?

AN EXCHANGE OF CONFIDENCES.

THAT evening, when Peggy called upon Marion Minton, a former school chum, she took Sing-Hi along with her.

"He's a little ducky of a dear," exclaimed Marion. "I've always wanted a Pekinese. But why on earth did you call him Sing-Hi? Because he has a falsetto voice?"

"Because he's a Chinaman and I wanted to have a regular Hop-Lee, Sing-Song of a name," replied Peggy, thankful that Marion did not ask where she obtained him. She had made up her mind that she would never discuss Townley with other girls.

"Marion," said Peggy, "I've come to talk about office pests. How many of them have you met?"

Marion rolled over on the settee and shook with laughter. "I shouldn't think you, of all girls, would have to ask me what to do about pests, office or otherwise," she said. "Why, Peggy, you managed to keep away all the school pests and give your full attention to Billy. Pests? How come?"

"Oh, I've encountered the first real office pest I ever met," confessed Peggy, "and since he is the boss's nephew I'd like to know how to treat him."

Marion's eyes snapped as she suddenly became serious. "Look here, Peggy," she said, sitting up very straight and pointing her finger at her chum. "Every office has its pest and every office has its waste basket and that's the place to throw this type of chap. What has this particular chap done, tried to hold your hand while passing a paper to you, put his arm over the back of your chair while talking to you or invited you out to toddle?"

"He has tried to hold my hand once and asked me out to toddle," confessed Peggy.

"Well I dare say you have settled him by one of your icy stares or your ruses from the room," murmured Marion. "I have held three pest-operations and during that time I have met three office pests. They seem to be limited to one per office. The first

was a tango boy, the second a married man and the third a confirmed old bachelor who made it his business to flirt with every new girl.

"How did you treat them?" asked Peggy.

"I had the same method for all of them. The same method every girl uses who wishes to avoid the flirtatious man in business," declared Marion with a little snap of her fingers. "I ignored them! I only had to do it about three times and that was all."

"For a few moments the girls sat silent, then Peggy said: 'Marion, you know how Billy has always been all eyes for me. Well, I have something to tell you. He has a position within a few blocks from where I am employed, and we take luncheon together, but yesterday I saw him flirting with another girl. I don't really think it was his fault. I blame the girl. She works in the same office with him, but he seemed elated at knowing her and boasted that she holds a record for speed in typing.'

"You poor little dear, you aren't going to be jealous, are you?" questioned Marion.

"This afternoon I was green with jealousy," admitted Peggy, "but I've been thinking about it since dinner and I dare say we can keep right on being friends, the very best of friends."

"The moment a girl or a man enters a jealous thought friendship is out of the heart with the rapidity of a leaf on a March wind."

"So," concluded Peggy, catching up Sing-Hi and patting the floor with him, "I shall never be jealous of Billy. If I had a jealous eyelash or make one cat's remark about that tall, willowy blonde, he will begin to see me in a different light, and that will keep him out of adoration in her favor. If I smile and admit that she is pretty and clever, we will admire her together, and that will be the end of it."

"Keep up your spirit for you have the key to a happy heart," laughed Marion as the two parted, and Peggy walked forth to her room with many plans for the morrow concerning office pests and blondes.

To-morrow. . . . Day Which Began and Ended Right.

## Why Not Look Your Best?

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By Doris Doscher

THE DOUBLE CHIN MASSAGE.

BEFORE start-

ing any kind of massage it is well to look carefully to see which way the wrinkles or superfluous flesh runs, to be able to smooth out the wrinkles or reduce the superfluous flesh, or by a strong rotary motion feed the tissues and fill up the hollows.

I have already spoken about several portions of the face and the best method for massaging them, and to-day I want you to consider the way to obliterate that ugly, disgusting double chin.

There is nothing that mars that youthful rosy contour and beautiful outline of a face like a double chin. I always like to tell you what causes these facial blemishes that I have been considering so that you may be able to avoid as many pitfalls on the road to beauty as possible.

We can no longer blame a double chin on the high collar, since they are no longer worn, but an improper posture and carrying of the head has much to do in causing Nature to push the fatty flesh in an unsightly lump underneath the chin more than any other portion of the face. This flesh has a tendency to be exceedingly flabby and therefore must be dealt with in a rather strenuous manner.

Place the hands as in the illustration, permitting a good firm pressure of the thumb, slowly pressing the thumbs from the centre up toward the ear. This stimulates the circulation and causes new blood to flow to the flabby tissues, stimulating them and thereby filling out the hollows and wearing away excessive fat. The only way that a double chin can be permanently removed is by this persistent application of every night, followed in the morning by the chin rub that I gave you in the reducing exercise, but more than anything else it is important for you to remember that ice cold water or a piece of ice has the effect of making the flesh firm. Therefore, when you use this treatment in the morning be sure to apply the ice to the double chin so as to stimulate the sagging flesh and make it firm. This keeps it in the position into which you have massaged it.

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## The Jarr Family

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By Roy L. McCardell

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